

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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\$1.00 A YEAR.



## H. H. HESTON HAS PASSED AWAY

I have just received a letter from Mrs. Heston, informing me of Mr. Heston's death, at 2:30 p. m., Jan. 27th. She states that he passed away peacefully and without a struggle—that he was put away nicely, his funeral taking place on Sunday the 29th. Mr. Heston had taken the precaution that no preacher should officiate. He had prepared his own funeral address, which by a friend constituted the whole of the funeral services.

He was born at Wapakoneta, Ohio, and was fifty-nine years of age. Mr. Heston had been bedfast for six months, and was so greatly emaciated, that the undertaker said he had never observed a body so reduced. This was probably due to the supremacy of mind over disease, which exercise, kept life so long in the poor worn-out body. Well, one more bright star in the galaxy of Free-thought has disappeared from view—but to sight only. The immortal part of his still lives, and long, long will it be before that bright spark is extinguished.

Heston's place in American Free-thought history is secure. He filled a peculiar and important phase of Free-thought—a niche that had never been filled before, and hardly likely to be filled again. There has been no Free-thinker, not even Ingels, who has left such a distinctly individual impression upon Liberalism, as Heston. There have been numbers who have closely approached Ingels—in all his various attainments, and many who have been, and are somewhat like him.

But none have approached Heston, or have been in any way like him, in his specialty of giving expression to religious inconsistency, deception and folly.

With a few scratches of his pen he would express more than many a profound lecture, and which would leave an impression which lasted much longer in the mind.

As most men are but children of a larger growth, there is no form of instruction so attractive and convincing as the object lesson—consequently the practicality and usefulness of the picture cartoon. Nature seemed to have endowed Heston with this peculiar talent and directed and impelled him to use it, just as he did. His talent lay not alone in drawing, but chiefly in the creation of his subject, in the ideal of the meaning of Liberty, free-speech and free-thought. Such an artist must have a deep-seated hatred for tyranny. He must be courageous and bold. He must have a sense of humor and of the ridiculous. He must have a strong intellectual grasp of a subject or thought, in order to portray it in lines.

He must be well-informed, and above all honest, enthusiastic and sincere. If you make a close study of his comments on his sketches, and the selection of his subjects, and his reason, argument, wit and irony displayed, you will at once perceive that his drawings were the smallest part of his talents.

Heston was indeed, a broad man, a peculiar genius. He has left behind him a name that will live, and his work will grow in value and appreciation with the years.

The great pity was, that he did not have the health and leisure to pursue the course into which his talents directed him. For long years, he had to battle with poverty and sickness. No doubt this often made him irritable and discouraged, and he suffered from great mental depression. But he loved life, and wished to live and to do, and kept up his interest in his work, as long as he could. Think of being compelled to lay aside such talents to become a driver of a milk-wagon—which was his last occupation.

If it possible that Free-thought cannot find intellectual room and employment for such as he? The story of Heston is one that must strike Free-thinkers with more or less remorse. I will not drag it out. He has been misinterpreted by some, and neglected by many. The situation has been generally well-known. His capital, his only means of a livelihood and provision for sickness, was the work that he did, and no matter what weak business contracts

he made, a generous liberal, forgiving nature would have, at least, shared the profits of his talents, when Heston was sick, starving and dying. But Heston hungers no more. His poor body has gone to mingle with the elements, while his soul goes marching on. I have corresponded with him considerably, but never met him. In my opinion, he was both a strong and a rare mind. He was gifted with a fine imagination, and was a poet of strength and beauty. He wrote me that he hoped to live to publish a volume of his poems; but in this too, he was disappointed.

I am glad that I was the means of being some help to him, when the shadows of death began to gather dark and threatening around him. I am glad that he died leaning upon the arms of comrades, though late they came to the rescue. I am glad that he died with the thought, that there was still a lingering love and appreciation for him among his co-laborers, and I am sure that all who contributed to his relief, are likewise glad that I made that appeal, and all alike are grateful to Warren Wolf for calling our attention to Heston's illness and condition. The whole amount contributed was about \$275.00.

Not many of us will miss him personally, because few of us knew him personally. But none of us will miss him intellectually, for his influence still exists. He is still our intellectual comrade, co-worker and friend. Peace to his tired spirit, wherever it be. I would like to write a tribute to Heston, commensurate with his deserts; but I cannot now. As one by one the old warriors fall on the field of battle, I am depressed more and more. I feel a sense of loneliness and suffer a loss I can hardly explain. It seems, that those whom I have always known, either personally or by correspondence or reputation, or whose writings I have read and enjoyed, should be one with us.

Although I am just entering the prime of life and have but a few years of work only twelve years, still, too feel, that I am growing old in my labors, and with the old, rather than with the young, I take my place, and naturally, the old are closer to me. The bond of sympathy is closer, perhaps, because I know that their sacrifices have been, and they know what mine have been. These, the young have not yet learned. But, may we all, like Heston, when we come to die, calmly wrap the draperies of our couch about us, and lie down to peaceful dreams.

We extend our sympathies to Mrs. Heston. She has been a most loving, faithful, patient wife, and her loss is our own. If any friends wish to write to her, her address is, Mrs. Lotie Heston, Pollard Block, Carthage, Missouri. J. B. W.

## WOODCOCK

Theological Bird of Long Bill, is on The Religious Menu in Louisville

Woodcock, the Episcopal Bishop, that succeeds to Dudley's balliwick in Kentucky—Dudley was the man who paid \$7.00 apiece for his dinner plates—is cutting large ice and shines in Louisville.

Nothing short of Jo Taylor X, at Rome, can lay it over Woodcock, in Louisville.

A sample of the nauseating rot that the C. J. gets off its stomach about Woodcock is as follows:

"All the parlors and the large halls on the second floor of the Galt House were thrown together and were profusely decorated in amix and with palms. The central parlor, which was the reception room proper, was beautifully decorated with American Beauty roses. With the great throng of women in beautiful gowns, the scene was brilliant. It was not a female reception, however, for the men of the church were there in equal numbers. An orchestra furnished music and punch was served."

A liquor guzzling gang like that gets together, and naturally there follow the continual accusations of devilry between these big sky-belters, and the pretty women of their flock. It's all right though, in the long run. Some of these days that kind of cutting up, in the midst of the sufferings from a hard winter, and the distress that fills this country, will make enough infidels to put a quietus on all that stuff.

"On with the dance!"

## MINISTER

DIES IN A LODGING HOUSE

Mystery in Fate of C. E. Bentley, Who Once Ran for President.

Police Search for Stylish Black-Veiled Woman Who Was in His Company.

(From Chicago Chronicle).

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 5.—The story of Rev. C. E. Bentley of Lincoln, Neb., in a lodging house at 125 South Los Angeles street, last night, puzzles the police. He was the candidate of the liberal party for the presidency of 1896 and was three times the candidate for United States senator from Nebraska. He was 64 years old. Rev. Mr. Bentley, according to a story told by Mrs. Douglas, proprietress of the lodging-house, which is located in the section known as the east side lodging-house district, applied for a room about 8 o'clock Saturday night. He was accompanied by a stylish dressed woman who wore a thick black veil. The landlady showed them to a room and while she was turning on the light Bentley dropped to the floor unconscious.

The woman disappeared. Bentley was found by Mrs. Douglas, who then went to seek assistance, but returning a few moments later, found a young man named Haines, a leader, holding Bentley's head. He left, saying he was going for a doctor, but has not been seen since. Mrs. Douglas finally summoned the police, but Bentley was dead.

## WOMEN STRIKERS FOR

THE SKY PILOT.

The other day the latest young man without a single exception, in all of Los Angeles, pre-empted—College bred and a holder of good literature—handed me one of these "finkily" looking woman envelopes addressed him in the hand writing of a woman.

The young man is an athletic, but the letter seemed to have made him feel sick at the stomach—naveated. It had a printed card in it, setting forth that Rev. George A. Hitting, Evangelist, and some other fellow named "John" were going to hold forth, at the Second Presbyterian church in Lexington, on Sunday.

On the back of the card was written, in woman's hand, "Please come to Lexington Opera House Sunday 22, to hear Major Hilton lecture to men only." There were in the envelope the other cards on each side of which, was printed in big letters, so as to attract attention, when scattered around on the streets, "Get right with God."

In the envelope was a little tract the name of which was "Is It Sprinkling?" When I see the Blood, I will pass over you."

A sample of the literature in the book is as follows:

Do you believe Judgment is coming?—Nine woes are past, but do you believe the last, worst was coming? Oh, yes, I believe it, and I have done it. When I see the Blood, I will pass over you."

Nobody but some one crazy or drunk on religion or whiskey would ever imagine there was any sense in that rot, and so a big state lunatic asylum in Lexington and one or more private lunatic asylums, and churches, distilleries and saloons, all do a rushing business all the time—especially "rushing the growler," and in the churches they have all the time the "rushing mighty wind" that you read about in the second chapter of Acts on the day of Pentecost, and that is now called wind jamming.

A part of that tract that has been underscored, with ink and pen, by the sender, as being specially beautiful, is as follows:

"The simply obeyed the word of God, they put it on the outside of their houses in faith, and they remain-

ed inside in peace, secure under its shelter. And if God has told you that on the cross His blessed Son died to put away your sins, what have you to do? Simply to repose on the truth which God has told you. God bids us shelter ourselves beneath that blood, that precious blood, which has been shed. (Heb. ix, 11, 12.)"

Think about "sheltering," yourself, out of a nice spring shower, for instance, under a lot of blood. There is not a butcher in Fayette county that would use such a metaphor as that.

All of this rot winds up with writing, in a woman's hand, that says, "For—with loving prayers." For illiterate ignorant fools, of either sex, that kind of stuff may do, but it disgusts intelligent and honest people. What kind of preaching is it they are doing in Lexington, that is only fit for men only, like some of the lectures that are being delivered by some of those traveling fake doctors, and it is the elegant thing for a lady, probably of the young maiden persuasion, to be sending, to a nice young bachelor notices of something only proper for men only."

## AN ANNUAL FREETHOUGHT MESSAGE.

Now, to me "that sounds good." And a Thanksgiving proclamation, and Mrs. Henry's will be better than Mr. Roosevelt's, because she will have all of the "great and good" of the past and present to thank for the many blessings we enjoy, while he has only "God, Jesus and the Virgin Mary," and may be the ghost of God. And then our president can just naturally beat the U. S. president telling things.

I think the Doctor's idea is a splendid one, and I am sure it will be adopted. So here is something for each of us to do to help. Let every member of the A. F. A. save their samples. The only a little thing "small as it is, it will pay for the publishing of the tracts, and we won't have to go into our treasury. Then we will try to have our Annual Message and Thanksgiving proclamation published in all of the Free-thought papers and as many of the secular ones as possible, and besides this each one of us can distribute two of these hundred tracts without any trouble. And each of us can get one new member. Now all of this is only a little thing, but if we will do it 300 will tell a new story, and the A. F. A. will take her place as an organization of workers.

Let us begin at once, and about two weeks before Thanksgiving day get your pennies changed into the most convenient form and send them in. When you count them you will find that you have saved from 100 to 200, and never missed them. I am going to get at least one new member and I want every member to do as much.

Yours for the success of the Penny Club.

(MISS) L. M. GIBSON.

## CRUTCHFIELD MARRIES AGAIN IN SHORT ORDER

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 10.—John N. Crutchfield, of the St. Louis broker who got a divorce last Friday because his wife played cards while he went to church, was married Wednesday to Miss Kimball, the pretty daughter of a banker at Mt. Vernon, Ind. She is thirty years his junior.

Crutchfield is a Campbellite and was a religious leader when he lived in Lexington. The New Testament tells, plainly, what the only cause is for which persons may get divorced, but it ain't for playing cards, though the Campbellites' special craft is that they don't do anything that you can't find authority for in the New Testament. It does not say that J. C. never indulged in a quiet little game of "seven up" with some of his old boys, sitting on a railcut, as they went some Sunday morning, out to Bethesda to get a good Sunday dinner at Lazarus' house.

I have received a copy of the first issue of "To-Morrow," that calls itself a monthly hand-book of charging orders.

It is edited at 1926 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, by Oscar Lovell Triggs, his picture, on the back, showing him to

be a bright looking and handsome young man.

It is \$1.00 a year and 10 cents for a single copy.

It proposes to discuss a variety of things but I think will probably be largely devoted to Socialism and religion.

It claims among its contributors Clarence Darrow, W. J. Bryan and Booker T. Washington. The Blade wishes it much joy and hopes to be on its X list.

## ANOTHER CHRISTIAN DEVIL

Has Climbed the Golden Stairs at the End of a Rope.

Crimes among Christians are getting greater and more frequent all the time, until it's getting to be dangerous to let any man of distinguished piety run at large in any community.

This is exactly what might be reasonably expected. It is not natural, or reasonable, for people to be religious, and, when they are, you can just bet that they have some rascally scheme on hand.

The last of the most remarkable criminals is J. Samuel McCue. He had, for two terms, been Mayor of Charlottesville, Va., the town which has the University of Virginia in it, and where you would naturally suppose, education had civilized the people.

McCue went to church with his wife, on Sunday night, September 14. In about fifteen minutes after they got home, McCue killed his wife by beating her savagely with a club and then shooting her, and putting her in a bath tub and turning scalding water on her.

He then shot himself slightly in the arm and reported that burglars had done it all.

The evidence against him was such that he confessed.

He had been a lawyer for 30 years.

A part of the account about his hanging is as follows:

"Up to the very last the idea of a confession was discredited. After the execution one of McCue's spiritual advisers said: 'Mr. McCue left this world with feeling of bitterness toward no human being in it. His heart was wonderfully softened. He was earnest and tender. This morning in our presence he offered to God a fervent prayer for his family; for his brothers and their wives; for his sister; for his uncles and aunts; and lastly and most fervently of all for his children. He called them each by name. He invoked the blessing of Almighty God upon them all.' It's the same old story I am telling all the time. You may sometimes find a Christian that is good, but if you want a villain always pick a Christian.

Stearcy, Ark., Feb. 7.—Rev. R. R. Lightie, one of the defendants in the sensational insurance swindle charges pending here since last July, died today of pneumonia. Last May the body of Edward Pitts was taken from a grave and passed as that of Dr. Lightie. He was collected to the amount of \$21,000 on the latter's life. When charges of fraud were made Dr. Lightie reappeared. He was convicted of a charge of violating the grave and fined \$1,000 and sentenced to six months in jail. An appeal to the Circuit Court was pending.

This issue of the Blade is dated so as to answer for two weeks—the one we missed on account of the burning out of our motor—and is mailed on Thursday so as to reach all subscribers in time for Sabbath reading. After this paper will be mailed to every one Thursday afternoon, and if you fail to get your Blade for Sunday reading notify us and we will look in to the matter.

## NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE

March 1st to 10th

Tickets on sale via the Queen and Crescent Route to the above points at the rate of one-fare plus 25 cents for the round trip. Tickets on sale March the 1st to 6th inclusive. Final limit March the 11th. This limit will be extended to March the 25th if ticket is deposited with the Joint Agent at New Orleans or Mobile and on payment of 50 cents on or before March the 11th, 1905. Stop-overs at all winter tourists points. For information see nearest ticket agent, or write E. N. Aiken, T. P. A., Lexington, Ky.

Charles L. Moore  
Editor



TERMS OF THE BLADE.  
1 issue for one year \$1.00.  
In clubs of five NEW subscribers, 50 cents each, \$5.00 for five.  
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When you change your address advise this office giving your old as well as the new address.

When you send your subscription say whether you are a short or old subscriber.

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DOWIE AND ST. ANNE'S WIST-BONE JOINTS

AND JOINTS.

Dowie has a miracle joint in Chicago, warranted to heal all diseases. Deacon Stern, who helped work the thing got the palsy, and died after same.

Bishop Corrigan, in New York, had a joint out of the wrist of St. Anne, the mother of Mary who was the "mother of God," Anne the before being the grandmother of God.

Corrigan worked the Anne joint in New York, and got barrels and nall keeps full of money from people who were cured just by looking at the joint.

White Corrigan was showing his joints he died dead as the devil. What's the diff between Dowie and Corrigan, as joint workers.

Give it up—ask me something easy.

## "WORST EVER"

"Lord" Barrington Will be Jerked to Jesus."

"Lord" Barrington of St. Louis, the Christian who murdered J. J. McCann of Lexington, for his money is to be hung.

Barrington's wife writing to the authorities about him says: "You have, without exaggeration and impartially speaking, captured the smoothest, slickest, most hypocritical and worst villain there is in God's universe to-day. Father, mother, wife, child, friend and benefactor are nothing to him when his villainy is put into play, and his clock of religion gains more for him than any other role he may assume. He is an ingrate ticket-of-leave man, convict, burglar, housebreaker, murderer, blasphemist, forger, swindler, and a villain of the worst order, and at present awaiting death for murder."

There are among women and children and ignorant men, those who are Christians and good people too; but if you want to find a scoundrel, get an intelligent, matured, Christian man every time.

THE SUN SAYS.

"Have you Seen the Blue Grass Blade?"

Angelic Utterances From the City of Angels.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 1, 1910.  
Editor Blade:—There are lots of them here of both sexes, all shades of color and character and various phases of belief; some have had a bad fall and are recovering and some never will, although the "Blade" is working overtime just now "in our midst."

We are having a divine circus, alias, a "Grand Union Revival," not a three ring, but yes, a seven ring, under the direction of the Christian God, aided and abetted, stirred up and turned over, advertised and heralded in song and stories by the three high priced clowns, Bob Burdette, the infidel snapper, Frank DeWitt Talmage, the theological Magistrate and the dissonant Robert McIntire, who recently fractured in intestine by trying to harmonize religion and evolution. Rev. J. S. Chapman is ringmaster of this trio of prize birds and the crowing of the cocks, the cackling of the hens, the weeping of the widows, the confessions of the criminals, the walls of the lost souls and the lies of the children and imbeciles told for the glory of God, are enough to bring tears to the statue of Stephen M. White.

But God is getting there with both feet. The "prophet" of the House of Israel, reports a conversion running as high as one thousand a day, which is probably as true as gospel, but no more so. If God continues his wonders to perform, in seventeen days, more the whole of Los Angeles country will be foundering under their prayer bones at the feet of those chaunting fed chicken gourmandizers, shouting, Glory! Glory! Glory!!!

Since this holy show has started, it seems that the Devil has also been quietly at work, no brass bands, no holy alliances, no donation funds, no ladies aids, but alone He is getting there, Eli, and as usual. He is in the front of the procession and is leading the Lord thy God by a length.

Our two hundred saloons with their innumerable adjuncts or drug stores, restaurants, hotels and herds of other sightless porkers are doing a thriving business. We have the sportiest race track in America, with its throngs of gamblers, plunks and thorns. "Masses" and "Races" are as thick as bath houses in ancient Rome. Our police force has been increased 25 per cent. Hardly a night passes without a holdup or a murder, and day and night burglaries are too numerous to add.

Prof. Hafford is up in the mountains producing rain for the valley on scientific principles and according to schedule. Capt. Baldwin sails his airship every pleasant Sabbath over the various balahehah camps, cuts fire eight places, and other artistic devices for the edification of the curious and the exasperation of the religious. Heresy flourishes as the green bay trees or a field of alfalfa in damp land. Free thinkers, Spiritualists, and Socialists are so numerous that it is difficult to secure halls for any other purpose. Tom Paine's birthday was celebrated by two organizations, and both halls were inadequate to hold the crowds. Roosevelt God and the Christian clergy came in for a full share of merited disrespect for their ignoble work in traducing the character of their benefactor. The Dresden edition of Ingersoll's works have been placed in the circulating department of the public library.

Summing up the situation it is difficult to see just where we are "at." The superstitious and weak minded are being highly entertained at their own expense. God's chosen jumpings-jacks are occupying the center of the stage, living on the fat of the land and putting away money for a rainy day. Those that pay the bills seem to be satisfied with the investment. Some of the "respectable" gamblers abscond or suicide when their prayers are not answered, but the thimbles are always on hand and never anything rash. A public square of Spiritualism occurs about once a month and the next week, the hall won't hold the faithful, who come to hear the "explanation." Free thought meetings are better attended than ever before and subscribers to Free thought papers are harder to get. Whether we go to praise God, or blame the Devil, I'll have to "fess up." In the meantime the sun rises every day over the San Bernardino mountains, with a smile on his face and says, "Good morning, have you read the Blue Grass Blade?"—WALTER COLLINS.

(From Lexington Leader)

AUNT CARRIE.

And Rev. Mr. Zachary Separate and Each Will go It Alone.

Word was received Thursday by his

publishers in this city that Evangelist James W. Zachary, manager and financial agent of Mrs. Carrie Nation, has dissolved partnership with the illustrious female saloon smasher and from now on each will go it alone. The letter received from Mr. Zachary was dated at Chickasaw, Indian Territory, and this was the last place they appeared together.

Mr. Zachary left Lexington several weeks ago to join Mrs. Nation in a lecture tour of the West. They appeared in a number of the leading cities of Texas and Oklahoma, and seemed to be making a tremendous "hit," judging from newspapers. What caused the "split," between them is not known here, and friends of the evangelist were somewhat surprised to hear that the unique combination had "busted" up.

Evangelist Zachary will continue his campaign in the West and it is presumed that Mrs. Nation will seek other worlds to conquer.

EX NIHILO NIT FIL.

To C. C. Moore.  
Dear sir—If you think the following is worth printing kindly correct and punctuate, and do so—P. M. OLIVER.

Did God awake in darkness, Six thousand years ago, And look around on nothing To see what he could do?

He never had beginning Nor birth like you and me, But always has existed From all eternity?

Now what had he been doing Throughout those countless years; No priest has ever told us, It is no book appears.

Perhaps he had been sleeping, With nothing for a bed, And nothing for a pillow And nothing in his head.

Nothing for companion Through all that dreary night, And only boundless nothing On which to feast his sight.

And when he rose for action, Like one aroused from sleep, And with only six day's labor (The tale is rather steep).

Took just a pinch of nothing, And made this glorious earth, And another pinch of nothing And the planets had their birth.

Another lump of nothing Produced the mighty sun, And so he worked at nothing Till stars and all were done.

And when all else was finished, Of dust he made a man, And mixing it with nothing On some mysterious plan.

He took a rib from Adam, With nothing for a knife, And mixed it with nothing Made him a full grown wife.

He damns his every nation Unless we all believe The snake, the fruit and Eve.

He knew the kind of people He was working on to make, But they all die soon or later Because of his mistake.

Answer.  
Oh, Lord, I don't know nothing, But one thing I avow When he took that cooked piece of bone

And that man a frow, Raw material considered, With nothing, or mistake, It was the very best of jobs That any God could make.

THINKS IT OUGHT TO CONVERT ME.

Emanuel, Ky., Feb. 6, 05.  
Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir—Enclosed find clipping from Washington Post.

I should think, after that you could not doubt the divinity of that book. "Under the circumstances I am proud to be a convert's wife." I knew it would immortalize her.

A hundred years from now people will be repeating it from her. It knocked the stuffing out of the little Christian scheme and piled their whole galaxy. As long as people read "Behind the Bars," I'll say that saying of my wife will be remembered.

Don't look like Wilkison had turned every body against me down in that country.

British witnesses were heard before the international commission on the North Sea case, which resumed its sessions Paris. The testimony was similar to that given at the inquiries in England.

"Same old story," interjected a veteran—"bullet hit the Bible."

"No," continued the dourly little general, "the book saved his life, but not in the common and accepted way. The soldier was found seated behind a tree, keeping his promise to his mother."—Washington Post.

The Bible saved my life, I suppose, during the war, as many of my neighbors—all "Johnnies"—were killed. I staid at home and read it. Peter Eckler & Son, Publishers, New York City, will send you Haeckel.

ANOTHER BIG SKY-BUSTER

KICKING OUT OF THE TRACES

Cincinnati, Feb. 7, 05

Enclosed find clipping of great interest, from Cincinnati Enquirer, Harper's Magazine, for February, has a fine article about Haeckel and his picture.

I am, and for years have been, a subscriber to the Blade.—S. C. Riley.

The clipping is as follows:

TRUE HISTORY.

Is Not Contained in the Bible, Declares President Schurmann.

Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 6.—Addressing the students of Cornell, today, president Schurmann said in part: "The Christ of the twentieth century differs from the Christ of the nineteenth and preceding centuries. No longer will educated men go to the Bible as a text book of physical science. It seems strange that men should ever have regarded the Bible as such, but they did it a generation ago. Now an educated man who would quote the Bible as an authority on any physical subject would be an object of ridicule in the eyes of all educated men. I do not believe there is any true history in the Bible, simply because the Hebrew never wrote history. I do not attempt to explain the miracles of Jesus Christ, but even today we have our Christian Science and Faith cures."

Schurman, the reason you don't tell about the miracles of Jesus, is that you know they were fakes, and you would lose your job if you did.

WAS GOING TOO NAME THE BABY CHARLEY.

But it was a Girl, and They named it Lucy Alma Henry, for Mrs. Wilson's Wife and Mrs. Henry.

GET YOUR SPOONS LADIES!

Spring Hill, Texas, Jan. 12, 05  
Dear Mr. Moore.

Please find within a small amount that will at least even us up.

Would have remitted same sooner, but was waiting to name my baby.

All signs indicated to me that the baby would be a boy and I intended to name him Charley Moore.

But, dang my cats, moon, stars and all signs failed me, and the baby is a girl, fine one too.

I do not know much about naming girls, but the duty devolved upon my wife.

So this evening she brought out the old family record, and pointing to the last name thereon, said: "This is our baby's name, and this is what she had written, Lucy Alma Henry. I believe my wife has been reading the Bible. I haven't caught her at it, but she is very much improved—so much so that she thinks kindly of my books and papers, and Liberal friends.

Any way the next baby is Charley, girl or no girl.—J. R. HERRIN.

My wife and I have had a good many namesakes and I regard it as the highest of all the compliments that can be paid us—as much, or more, of a compliment to me to have a girl named for my wife as to have a baby named for me. It always means an engraved spoon from my wife or myself and "Miss Lucy" has got to come up with the spoon this time, and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Henry have got to give a name or more.

If they don't I will publish them in the Blade. When the Christians put me in the penitentiary my wife said: "Under the circumstances I am proud to be a convert's wife." I knew it would immortalize her.

A hundred years from now people will be repeating it from her. It knocked the stuffing out of the little Christian scheme and piled their whole galaxy. As long as people read "Behind the Bars," I'll say that saying of my wife will be remembered.

Don't look like Wilkison had turned every body against me down in that country.

British witnesses were heard before the international commission on the North Sea case, which resumed its sessions Paris. The testimony was similar to that given at the inquiries in England.

BAPTISED AT 30 IN A HOLE IN THE ICE.

Reels Bradley, Partially Paralyzed, Is Immersed in the Delaware and Survives.

Camden, N. J., Feb. 5.—In an invalid's chair, a woman past eighty years and paralyzed in one side was wheeled out on the ice and baptized in the Delaware River to-day, opposite East Camden.

Those who saw her taken from the hole chopped in the ice thought she had succumbed from the cold. For a few moments she gave no signs of life, but soon revived.

The woman is Reels Bradley, of No 1540 Decatur street, Philadelphia. She was baptized by Elder Skinner, of the Church of God.

Attended by five elders, who walked on the ice in bare feet, the old woman was carried for a while in the cabin. When she was rolled in her chair to the place of baptism. She was lifted off the chair and lowered through the ice into the river.

Quickly she was replaced in the chair and hurried to the shore, where she was cared for in a cabin. When she was taken home later she showed no ill-effect of her ducking.

WATSON HESTON

The Infidel Cartoonist Died Peacefully

Carthage, Mo., Feb. 2, 05.  
C. C. Moore.

Dear sir and friend—I have before me the very painful task of writing to Mr. Heston's friends, and telling them of his death.

Mr. Heston died last Friday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 p. m. His last hours were peaceful—went just like he was going to sleep; never struggled a particle.

We were afraid he would struggle to death, as he came near doing several times. He was so weak he had no strength enough to cough up the mud and the phlegm.

He was a man to have to give him up, for I lost a lovely companion. I know he is better off, for he could not have gotten well, and he wanted to die.

Mr. Moore I wish you would send me your paper for six months, and as soon as I can, I will send you the money. Another thing I wish to mention and I hope you will make a note of it in your paper.

Mr. Warren Wolf, of Indian Territory, has written me several letters to say that Mr. Heston was, as I would say, "a real even" even of my letters were returned uncalled for, and I don't know where he is. He has been so nice to us during my husband's illness, and I wish to thank him for his kindness, and also to thank Dr. Wilson, and the rest of the friends.—MRS. LOTTIE HESTON.

P. S.—I am almost down with grippe and mental strain and worry. It is very cold here now. Mr. Heston was laid away nicely, but with no preacher to preside over his body. I carried out his last wishes as he requested.

Brother Watson Heston was one of the most radical of all American Infidels and his cartoons of the Bible and all religion have done as much for Infidelity as any man who has lived in this century in this country.

He was an artist, and a theologian and a wit and satirist.

God's creation of a woman out of a bone saved out of Adam, with butcher's saw, the dog stealing the bone while God was sewing up the hole; God sticking the bone in the ground and drawing the magic circle around it, and the pretty Eve growing up out of the bone, was always, to me, a conception, compared with which, the Pygmalion and Galatea, that I saw in Athens, was not a circumstance, and Heston ought to have a monument with that whole thing chiseled on it, and toward it I would contribute my mite, though it might be better to give it to his widow.

When I was a little boy and it took forever to get the news from anywhere, and there were no infidel newspapers, one of the main racks of the preachers—no priest here then—was to be a religious paper, describing the deaths of infidels; how they died cursing and calling upon Jesus to forgive them, and their friends were so appalled to witness their bodily and mental sufferings that they had to flee from the presence of their dying ones.

Now, however, when we hear from any where, immediately, and in less than no time, if the news comes from the East to us, the style in which Heston has died, in the presence of his devoted and faithful wife, who, in their poverty, had worked her life away to save him, is a fair sample of the way infidels die.

But these same lying preachers and priests that we have now, would be telling their dupes about the horrible deaths of infidels if there were not a few of us here to hold them down by exposing their lies.

I have read long accounts written by those religious liars, describing the horrible death had scene of all prominent infidels, but we never hear anything of that sort in these days.

Old Talmage was the last of the pious liars that tried that old game. He gave an account of the death of an infidel that he said he personally knew about.

He said that the man screamed so loud that he "could be heard a square away," but he did not tell the man's name, or the town or state in which he lived, or where it was.

Heston wrote me a letter, once, saying he was a free, independent man, and he made three cartoons of me in the Truth Seeker, but I am for him and his wife, now, all the same.

NO INFIDEL, HE SAID

Every Human Being Really Believes in God, Declares One Evangelist.

The Rev. Dr. George R. Stuart, who is conducting the revival services at the Independence Avenue Methodist church, said at the Hotel Kuiper, last night that there was no such being as an infidel.

There are a good many fellows who pose as infidels, but they are nothing but dodgers," said the evangelist. "Every so-called infidel is like a lawyer who pleads his own case. He knows he must either do better or go to hell. He does not want to do either, so he simply pours water, as it were, on the whole proposition."

Dr. Stuart's experience with infidels bears out his assertion. It is said that in almost every instance where he has had a fair chance and sufficient time, the unbeliever in God has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth of the Christian religion.

Somebody sent me the above in a newspaper clipping.

Rev. Dr. George R. Stuart is a brand of ass that does not know what is in the Bible half as well as Balala's ass. In 2. Cor. VI. 15, we read: "What part hath he that believeth with an infidel." And in 1. Tim. V. 8, we read: "If any provide not for his own, and specially those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

The Bible says plainly in two places that there are infidels, and Rev. Dr. George R. Stuart says "there is no such thing as an infidel" and the only way to explain the discrepancy is by saying that George is an ignorant dandy, who is jamming wind in the pulpit, and don't know what the Bible teaches.

Stuart is the old spelling for steady, the fellow who waited on the table and carved the beef for Hingham. George ought to go back to Hingham and go back to the graft of his daddy, or grand-daddy.

It will be noticed from the texts above, that the New Testament uses the word infidel as being the opposite of believer (in Christianity) and not as meaning a fellow who leaves his own wife and runs off with some other fellow's wife, or unmarried daughter, which last old Brother Daniel Webster took as it means and has written to the Blade about three times a week for the last five years.

But, for God's sake, don't let the old fellow know I have said this—he would write every day.

CHRISTIANS MURDER EACH OTHER.

Vienna, Jan. 7.—The eyes of Europe are again anxiously watching developments at Macedonia, where alarming conditions are rapidly developing.

It is no longer the Turks who are the persecutors of the Christians, it is the various sections of the Christians who are murdering each other.

Of course the Turks are more than delighted to see the Christians saving them the trouble of arranging new massacres, and occasionally they lend their assistance to one or the other rival parties when the fighting does not seem to progress lively enough to suit them. Strong voices are heard here, however, clamoring for the powers of Europe to interfere by the use of their arms as the international gendarmerie has proven a failure.

LEW AND BOB

Somebody sent me a marked copy of the Boston Globe containing an account of Lew Wallace—man that wrote, "Ben Hur"—he called Ben Hur although Ben was a male—and it says Lew changed his story about him when Bob Ingersoll talked to him.

It seems that Lew had not been so conservative there was any God—that is, in his poetry, had worked his life away to save him, is a fair sample of the way infidels die.

But these same lying preachers and priests that we have now, would be telling their dupes about the horrible deaths of infidels if there were not a few of us here to hold them down by exposing their lies.

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them when they met it would have made a better book than all that rot he told us about Ben.

Lew can't give a Lexington man any pointers on how to race.

Give Ben Kenny, the Lexington man that drove Nancy Hanks, old Nancy in her prime, and one of old Bob Toomey's suckies, and Ben Kenny would get clear around before Ben Hur got started.

REV. FUNK AND THE GHOSTS.

I have received a marked copy of the New York Herald, containing pictures of Rev. Mrs. May S. Pepper, and Rev. Henry Newton and Prof. James H. Hyslop, and exterior and interior views of the magnificent church in Brooklyn, where the Pepper woman preaches her religion.

She is a common looking fat creature and looks like the "before" part of an anti-fat advertisement, and looks like she would have about as much sense as a pig that had been raised in a nice family.

I know Funk pretty well and he is a nice man—a was a boss Prohibitionist until he found there was no money in it, but Funk is a Methodist preacher and with three preachers around that woman you are going to hear something droll, if you just hold your breath and listen.

I didn't read any of them, but Funk—same old job lot of lies.

SWEARS MIRACLES

ANSWERED PRAYER.

Salvation Army Woman Charged With Fraud Explains How She Recovered Her Bones.

Chicago, Feb. 1.—A miracle which was brought about by a prayer was sworn to in court by Miss Inga Hanson, a former member of the Salvation Army, who is on trial here charged with perjury in connection with a personal damage suit brought by her against the Chicago City Railway Company. Under oath to-day she testified that the alleged miracle restored her sight, speech and hearing. This remarkable explanation came from the lips of the young woman as the answer to a charge that her ailments had been conceived in order to further a \$50,000 conspiracy, had been admittedly simulated through five years of litigation, and suddenly ceased.

The scene of the alleged violation was in Richmond, Va., and according to the girl's claim was produced by prayer with an itinerant Methodist missionary who visited her. Miss Hanson lost her suit against the street railway company.

FAMOUS FRUIT LANDS

Of the East Texas Country. Home of the Riberts peach, the strawberry, plum, pear, tomato and other fruits and vegetables. Big money in growing for the northern markets.

On February 7th and 21st, March 7th and 21st, round trip home-seekers' tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo or Memphis to Texas points at rate of one fare plus \$2 not exceeding \$15.

One way colonist tickets at half fare, plus \$2 on February 21st and March 21st.

Write for booklets on Texas fruit lands, map and time table.

L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

A Good Route to Try

It traverses a territory rich in undeveloped resources; a territory containing unlimited possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. And last, but not least, it is

The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast time.

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and Southeast.

Between Birmingham and Memphis and points in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the West and Southwest.

Full information as to routes and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

Passenger Traffic Department, Commercial Building, Saint Louis.

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# ATHEIST

**Fell Dead When the Indiana Preacher**  
**Remarked That He Could Not be**  
**Saved.**

Winamac, Ind., January 16.—The sudden death last night of Richard Bessy during church services in the Winamac Station Chapel has caused a commotion among sinners and sinners alike.

Bessy had long been known as an atheist, and was alleged to have said on various occasions that he had no use for churches. However, last night he entered the church to seek shelter from the midwinter storm.

Soon after he entered Rev. James McCarty made an earnest plea for Gospel recruits, and during the course of his talk said: "There is one unbeliever in this congregation, a sinner who cannot be saved from death to night unless he becomes a Christian."

The prophesy of the preacher was soon fulfilled, when Bessy, with an anguished cry of "Oh!" fell back in his seat a corpse.

That a lot of foolish Christian liars would want to get off a lie like this is not surprising, and is no worse than might naturally be expected of them, but why a newspaper of any claim to decency would print a piece of rot of that kind can only be accounted for on the ground that the *Enquirer* is run by a Catholic and its religion is Catholicism. If possible, even a bigger liar than the Protestant.

Any man of any common sense knows that to be a lie, and yet thousands of Christians, Catholics and Protestants, who know that the *Enquirer* will patronize the Cincinnati *Enquirer* because it will tell a lie that is too good to be true, and without such lying as that the Christian religion could not stand one week.

Even if it had been true it would prove nothing except a coincidence, or more probable that some man has been killed by the excitement caused by the insult offered him by a poor preacher, who deserved to be kicked out of the house.

Lies of that kind are continually being printed by Christian newspapers, and I am continually exposing them by challenging anybody to send me any proof of them, and I never get any such proof, and nearly always get evidence that it is a lie, and I make my usual charges of infidelity. I call on any body who may read this to get me information on that subject and I will print it in the Blade.

Common sense would teach that no atheist would be frightened at anything of that kind that a preacher might say.

If it had been true it would be a matter of sufficient interest to deserve a fuller account than that, or perhaps the report of a coroner's inquest.

Certainly something ought to have been told about Bessy's family, and standing and fortune, and something about what was done with the dead body of the man.

I have been a newspaper reporter and I certainly would have made a more readable story than that out of as good a theme as that.

If that is a fair sample of the *Enquirer's* reporters that paper could afford to pay me \$10,000 a year to come to Cincinnati and run its reporterial department.

It is in one day killed and took the tailow out of 22 buffaloes, myself, using a muzzel loading rifle, and butcher knife, as my only tools, and walked five miles coming and going from camp." Mr. Tilden, editor of the "Club," accepts this story in its entirety and without any discussion, and then Mr. Tilden, himself, volunteers to tell another one for Mead.

Tilden describes an intense cold and snow on the plains and party of thirteen hunters, who were camped out and were about to starve to death because after having exhausted themselves in trying to find game, the game then having become scarce, they could not find any game in the whole country.

When Mead did these things he says he was 66 years old and had a splendid beard 19 months old.

I say Tilden a beast in the blade that he said was worth six advertisements he had then, but I had not read these two stories then and I want it distinctly understood that I do not endorse any such lies as they are.

Tilden is an infidel and if any preacher had got off any such rot as that all of us infidels would have jumped on him with both feet.

A funny part about these two lies is that while Tilden is almost fanatically opposed to religion, and Mead, on the other hand, is a religious fanatic, telling him that his habit, through life, had been to eat three strong meals of greasy food, every day, and drink a quart of strong coffee with each meal, and that some times, when hunting, he had gotten out of coffee, and he would eat a quart of coffee grounds each meal. So that, according to Tilden, Mead had lived like Tilden advised, Mead would never have killed and skinned and got the tailow out of less than 150 buffaloes a day.

Baron Munchausen would not have left that story in such an awkward shape as Tilden did.

Instead of killing 13 buffaloes, the Baron would have killed 14 so as to have gotten out of coffee, and he would eat a quart of coffee grounds each meal. So that, according to Tilden, Mead had lived like Tilden advised, Mead would never have killed and skinned and got the tailow out of less than 150 buffaloes a day.

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# VARIOUS THINGS

## ABOUT THE BLADE.

"Mrs. Alma K. Wilson is Worth Saving and Will be a Star in Your Crown."

Editor Moore—I am glad that you and Mr. Hughes have decided that the Blade is too precious to be cast before those who do not appreciate it enough to reach into their jeans and yank out the dollar.

You cannot afford to give away the paper, and pay postage on it.

The only business manner in which a paper can be run is to stop the paper at the expiration of the time it is paid for. Make no exception. If any one is interested in the paper he or she will miss its appearance, and do the thing that will make it come again.

All subscribers should be uniform at \$1.00. When you make a reduction you do injustice to those who pay the full amount. If you can keep 3000 subscribers at \$1.00 each, you can keep afloat.

The higher the value you put on the Blade, the higher the receiver will appraise it. I notice that a number of people are writing to the free thought papers, and advising them to cut out all matter that does not treat religionists and their superstition with respect.

Next thing they will want to take off our hats and flap on our knees every time a Christian opens his head. Some of them object to slang. Some like against swear words. I suspect that they want us to run our papers upon the silly plan of the religious papers.

Most of the infidels that I know are just brave fellows who do not give a flake's dam for religion, and do not hesitate to say so.

I wrote an article a short while ago on infidel paper, and, in it, I paid my best respects to the Pope.

The article was returned to me, with an admonition to speak respectfully of the Catholic religion and not to ridicule St. Peter's successor, as that only made the Catholics angry, and put them down upon us.

I was told that we must use nice arguments and not shock them. I suppose we must say to them "Mr. and Mrs. Catholic, I admire your religion very much. It is a very, good thing to have, but, for Christ's sake, cut it out."

I guess that would fetch them from Jesus mighty quick.

I attend the Free Discussion Society, of Baltimore, almost every afternoon, and the president of the society, who is a very good man, talks right out and say what they think. The religionists rip up the heels, and the infidels give them hell on the halfshell. We destroy more religious foundation there than any place in the United States.

Many a one who comes to scoff at the Atheists remains to prey with the band.

This society is 50 years old and I suspect that it has made a thousand fanfals of militant Statelists in its history.

I was talking to an ex-Catholic here, a few weeks ago, and I never heard a man who could rail at them so fiercely, and yet Catholics seem to be more worried than disgusted at him.

We have some slippery Christians to deal with. Once in a while an exhorter will drop in and get up and make an impassioned appeal to us to come to Christ and give our hearts to God, and will then pick up his hat and rush out before any one can get a crack at him. One Sunday a fellow was telling us about how God answered his prayers, and snatched back his wife and children from the brink of the grave, after the doctor had given them up. When he sat down up popped a man and declared that his wife had died after the Christians had stared over her two weeks, and he grieved that they had led to him and told him that if he let the medical men alone and depended upon prayers his wife would be restored to health. He was almost like a wild man. We had the hottest discussion upon the efficacy of prayer and the puerility of religious statements that you ever heard of. It was given and take for three hours. The attendants at the F. D. S. are about 7-10 infidels.

I am surprised at the number of free-thinkers I come across who have never heard of infidel papers.

I take the Blade and Truth Seeker with me to every meeting.

# his father was a Methodist preacher.

My father died without even having seen a copy of an infidel publication except *Voltaire's works*. We must get the papers among the people. I have never met with anyone who has heard Colonel Ingersoll's lecture that is not a liberal to some degree.

Ingersoll has plowed the field thoroughly and it only needs harrowing to put it in fertile condition. His last lecture in Baltimore was in 1896, on the "Foundations of Faith," I went to the lecture and sat down and turned to look around the house and my neighbor to my left hand exclaimed "Hello, John, I am glad to see you here."

I was surprised. It was a cousin of mine—a Charles Fraser—the last person I ever expected to meet at "Bob" Ingersoll's lecture. I was so taken back that I said "What the hell are you doing here?"

He told me he had read Ingersoll's lecture on "Shulls" and that he had studied his Methodism before he finished it.

He told me that he had traveled miles to hear Ingersoll in several of his lectures. I had seen Charles Fraser for about seven years, and I had known him as a bigoted Methodist, of the shouting brand. He had never been to school in his life and was in his twenty-first year, before he learned how to read. But he has educated himself fairly well, and was studying medicine the last I heard of him.

He had worked at ship caulking from the time he was eleven years old. He is now fifty. Try to pull Mrs. Alma K. Wilson out of the mine of superstition. She is worth saving and will be a feature in your cap—I mean a star in your crown—JOHN T. CLARKE.

# DEATH OF AN INFIDEL.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 2, 05.

Dear Sir and Brother—I am sending you, today, a recent clipping from the Atlanta Constitution. You can read between the lines and discover, before coming to the end of the article, that the public makes effort to state that he was not one among us, when the article impeaches the reporter in as much as our departed brother, before his death, expressed, publicly, sentiment to go to prove that he tried, after his death, to make things different from what he really believed, but had no access to reach the people best acquainted with his case.—H. A. STICKLE.

The account is as follows:

# ODD CHARACTER GOES TO BEYOND.

M. J. Mabre, Pioneer Citizen, Yields To Death, Aged 79.

The Deceased Led the Life of a Hermit, and Many Strange Things Are Told of Him—No Services Permitted at His Funeral.

M. J. Mabre, who died Monday at the age of 79 years at his residence, 76 Park avenue, in addition to being one of the pioneer citizens of Atlanta, was one of the queerest characters who ever resided in this city.

It was his dying request that the ministrations of the church be denied him during his last hours and that his body be interred without interment, without the presence of a minister and without funeral services of any kind.

The old gentleman lived nearly a hermit's life. When he moved into the neighborhood in which he died he let his neighbors understand that he did not desire them to call upon him. Most of the time he kept his front gate locked to prevent them from entering, and he never called upon them. During the latter years of his life he mellowed somewhat and would give a nod of greeting to some of those who passed by. In all sorts of weather, hot or cold the old gentleman was often leaning over the fence of his front yard or pacing the pavement in front of his home.

Wouldn't Let the Birds Drink.

Some time ago Mr. Mabre discovered the birds were drinking water from a well in his back yard. This worried him. He fixed the bucket on his well so as to prevent the birds from quenching their thirst.

Although reports say that Mr. Mabre was an infidel, this was denied by the few who knew him. Certain it is that he would never permit a minister of his neighborhood called. The old gentleman slammed the door in the face of the man of the cloth.

Mr. Mabre made much of his money in the saloon business. Before prohibition days in Atlanta, he operated a saloon and it was a model place of business and he would not permit them to stand around and talk after they had taken a drink.

When prohibition day began it was discovered that his was the only saloon which extended into prohibition.

# PRICE LIST

## MEN'S NEW MODEL 16 SIZE

# WATCHES

HAMPDEN: "No. 104," 23 Jewels, \$32; "105," 23 Jewels, \$26; "Wm. Kinley," 21 Jewels, \$23; same, 17 Jewels, \$12; "General Stark," 17 Jewels, \$10; 15 Jewels, \$8; 7 Jewels, \$6.50.

WALTHAM: "Riverside Maximum," 23 Jewels, \$60; "Vanguard," 23 Jewels, \$30; "Riverside," 17 Jewels, \$21; "P. S. Bartlett," 17 Jewels, \$12.50; 15 Jewels, \$9; 7 Jewels, \$6.

ELGIN: "No. 166," or "162," 21 Jewels, \$49; "270," 21 Jewels, \$25; "242" or "246," 17 Jewels, \$22; "242," 17 Jewels, \$18; "241," 17 Jewels, \$12; 15 Jewels, \$8.50; 7 Jewels, \$6.

CASES: All the above in the new model, this Silverline Series. In Fabry's, Crown or Deuber filed screw case, guaranteed by manufacturers for 20 years, artistic hand chased or plain, \$3.00 more; hunting, \$5.00 more. In 25 year case, \$2.00 more than in 20 year case. In cases guaranteed for all time, screw, \$8.00, or hunting, \$10.00 more than in Silverline case. Prices of solid gold cases on application.

Every watch guaranteed new and from factory (no "shopkeepers"), an accurate time-keeper and of well used, good for fifty years or longer. Will be kept in order for one year. Beware of "Special" movements and cases made nobody knows where, and which you cannot price intelligently and buy everywhere. Also of di-work (stamped) "engraved" cases—they are a fraud. Those listed above are known to be the best watches made, and—if watch is new and perfect—you are safe to buy where price is lowest. I pay freight.

# LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.

Large (6) size Elgin, Waltham or Hampden, 30-year solid filed latest style, artistic hand-chased, 7 Jewels, \$10; 15 Jewels, \$12.50; 16 Jewels, adj. \$17. Small (5) size 7 Jewels, \$11.50; 15 Jewels, \$15; 16 Jewels, adj. \$18. "Riverside," extra fine, \$26. In 25-year case, \$1 more. In 14k solid gold case, \$10 to \$50 more. Latter with diamonds, all in plush box, prepaid, with guarantee.

Long Guards, latest style, soldered links, opals or other sets in slides, rolled plated, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Best Plated Gold, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Extra heavy, \$5. Solid Gold, \$5, \$10, \$15 and \$25. Gentle Chain, same variety. Orders filled from our catalogue at same price or less. Cash returned at option.

# DIAMONDS, PEARLS, OPALS, ETC.

I am an expert in this line and will save you 20 per cent if you will order of me.

Send for price list of Jewelry, Free Thought Badges, Rings, Silver and Plated Ware, Optical Goods and My Tract, "Theism in the Crucible," free.

# OTTO WETTSTEIN

110 N. KENSINGTON AVENUE LA GRANGE, ILL.

times. He operated for six months in the city when it was dry and did a hard office business. One of the whole-sale liquor men in the city gave him a large sum for a half interest in the place.

Mr. Mabre had his intimates and openly told those who attempted to make his acquaintance that he did not care to become friendly with them. He was a queer old man and no one has ever been able to learn the reason for his apparent distrust of humanity.

The utter failure of the reporter make out a case against the old infidel, when the reporter evidently had raked and scraped everything that religious prejudice could say against him is the highest compliment to him than the ordinary newspaper editor.

In many of the cities police kill the birds and the city authorities turn the boys loose on them, and I can't see why it is such a crime for a man to object to sparrows drinking out of his well-bucket, when there is a river near by, and sparrows, like preachers, are always sucking their bills into things that are not clean.

Lockport, N. Y.,—Enclosed \$1.00 to shove me up another year. I enclose clipping. Of course it has its thousands of believers. For, brighted fools!—GEORGE GATH.

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SISTER KATE EDWARDS.

On to Heaven by the Cable Line.

At Reading, Pa., Mrs. Kate Edwards

## MAN FROM CONNECTICUT.

Where They Make Wooden Nutmegs  
And Adulterate Oats With  
Sheepskins.

Has Got 'em the Fence, and Wants  
Me to Tell Him on Which Side He  
Must Get off.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 15, 05.  
Editor, Blue Grass Blade.

Dear sir—I enclose herewith, a money-order for \$1.00 payment on my subscription for the past year. I also enclose an article, which I wish to have published therein, and would be pleased to have my objections to Athens answered in your paper.—A. C. FISHER.

The article with his own heading is as follows:  
**THE MAN ON THE FENCE.**  
Mr. Editor.

A short time ago, the readers of the Blade were invited by you to air their views on the theme, "Why I and an Atheist?"

I regret to say that I was one of those who failed to respond. However I shall not keep silent any longer, but wish to have a few points explained, which keep me on the fence.

In the first place, let us be clearly understood. As I understand it Athens means that there is no such thing as a personal or impersonal God as the terms imply. In the Universe, that all the planetary movements, down to the movement of a worm, are not controlled by any outside intelligence, that there is not any intelligence outside of animal and human intelligence.

This is, I believe, the position taken by Athens. My first question is: Can there exist an intelligent agent in the Universe without an intelligence to direct it? There are thousands of manifestations of intelligence throughout all nature. Take for instance, the human organism. Here we find manifestations of an intelligence far superior to that of man. Take the structure of the lungs alone, and we find that they are constructed in a wise manner. They are not, as many suppose, two empty sacs, but they are filled with thousands of small tubes, which branch off from the bronchial tubes, like the branches of a tree. This arrangement prevents the spread of disease, when any of the minute cells become attached. It is not a wise provision of nature? But this is not all. There is another arrangement at the mouth of these cells, a very fine network, which allows the oxygen to pass from passing through, into the lung-cells.

I could take up many pages describing the human structure in detail which is much more wonderful than one uninforming, would think. It is simply marvelous.

To this argument, some would say: It is simply a matter of inheritance, that like produces like. This is very true, but let me also ask, Where is the intelligence that forms the child during the process of conception? Surely the mother's intelligence does not do this, for she is often ignorant of anatomy.

The most vital organs, the heart, lungs, blood-vessels, are protected by the ribs, and the delicate brain is fortified almost entirely. There is a reason for this, too well known for repetition here. The nerves of taste, smell, sight, hearing and sensation, are all in their proper places, put there by what? Intelligence, or chance? If this old earth is not governed in its motions by an intelligent force, then we can thank our lucky stars that it gets dark when the world gets sleepy, and needs rest. Should the days be longer or shorter than they are now? I think not. The inclination of the earth's axis to its orbit gives us the change of seasons. This is well, for it breaks the monotony of the landscape, and makes home dearer to us.

If this grand old world with its great men and women is here merely as a result of chance, we can also feel thankful that we are here, enjoying it.

Many of earth's children have little to be thankful for, but mother earth is not accountable for that. Man's selfishness and ignorance are the cause for all the misery in the world.

I believe that man was gradually evolved from the lower forms of life, but what is it that causes the exit of the stomach, (the pyloric gate), to close, when food enters the stomach? And open, when the food is ready to leave the stomach?

It must be the work of one or the other, intelligence, or chance.

Nature is a great chemist. She knows just what the infant needs to sustain its little life, and prepares it at the mother's breast. No other food will do. Deny it this food, and you imperil its life. Is this wise provision of nature a result of chance? If so, then ye Atheists can again thank this world for your existence.

I will here state that I do not wish

to set up a God to be worshipped, for there are enough of them already. But as long as my interrogations remain unanswered, to my satisfaction, I shall remain on the fence, admiring that which appears to me as an infinite intelligence.

Some Athensians argue that if there were a God, wise and good, why does he destroy thousands of his children's lives by earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes, etc. I think this is a question that has little bearing upon the issue, in fact, to me, it seems quite ludicrous, when they themselves must know that these phenomena are the result of natural causes, and people should not live near volcanoes.

They make a mistake when they speak of incidents. Generalities are what should be considered. Others make the objection that if there were a God, why does he permit the innocent girl to be eaten up by a cancer? Another ludicrous question. It is evident to me that something foreign to her health has entered her system, and this is nature's method of expelling the poison. It is not to be wondered at, Mr. Atheist, when we consider the artificial and unnatural life humanity is living. Many are shut away from the sunlight, the source of all life, and it has been said by some, that meat-eating is largely responsible for cancers. But the responsibility where it belongs.—A. C. FISHER.

They were invited by Mr. Morris Backs, about the time I was in the Orient, but it's all the same like Melan. A worm's movement is not of the planetary kind.

When I was a boy the scientists—real or quasi—said that there was no intelligence except in human beings—they said animals had instincts, and did not include supernatural beings; real or supposed. This seemed to be brought about by religion, because if animals had intelligence, they would ask, would they not have souls, and what would become of their souls, and what would become of their souls after death.

General Abram Buford, of the Confederate army, from Kentucky, a devoted Unionist, said and wrote that his race horse had souls, and that he expected to meet them in heaven.

Buford was not insane, but he was a typical Kentucky Christian and, in his ignorance, believed in patronizing the main staple of his own state.

In a later day scientists began to recognize that intelligence and instinct are synonyms. Aristotle said that everything in nature, men, animals, trees, stones, etc., had intelligence, or nerve centers, or some kind of thinking apparatus, but I think that there is, in all material, something that corresponds with intelligence in man and animals.

I am satisfied that the bee that instinctively constructs the honey comb, the flower called Venus Fly trap, the coral, and the stone pentagonal pillars in "Giants Causeway" in Ireland, and the pentagonal crystals at the Hot Springs in Arkansas, or the spar and gypsum in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, all just as truly think as did Michael Angelo, when he built St. Peter's, or Jefferson, when he wrote the Constitution of the United States.

Shells and rocks and soil also think, but we cannot see it so plainly. If, as all, we die in the oceans.

Aristotle died some years before I was born, and he could not have been influenced by my opinion on the subject. There is, therefore, no good sense in speaking of "intelligent action," as all action is intelligent. There is no use to multiply the instances of intelligence as you do. None of them is any more wonderful than another and none any more wonderful than the flash of a lightning bug.

Donatelli comet is no more wonderful than a sky-rocket. Teddy "the strenuous" is no more wonderful than a flea, and not half so strenuous and devoted to business.

Your suggestion that the seasons are so arranged as to "make our bones dearer," is all foolish.

The seasons at the poles are quite different from ours in the temperate zones and they are what they are, utterly regardless of our homes.

If war and famine and pestilence should combine so as to kill every human being on earth the seasons would just go ahead and do business as the old stands like nothing had happened. This "grand old world" is just as much a grand old blunder and humbug and misfit, as it is the opposite of these.

Man's selfishness and ignorance are the cause of the lightning striking him, or of a snake biting him, or of an immoral inheriting predilection. The word "chance" and the word "ghost" are equally names for things that do not exist.

Your exclamation "Ye Atheists," does not mean anything, or prove anything—simply wild jangling like the preachers. I do not see what your alleged "interrogations" are and might, or might not, be able to answer them if I did.

Who's kicking about your being on the fence? If it suits you, you can "shimmy on your own side," and not say such things result from natural causes, for that is just what the Atheist claims.

If you think there is a God you must think that it is possibly God that does these things.

That question has all bearing upon the issue. If God should drive poison out of a girl's system by using a cancer to do it, he would be a fool and a fiend. If nature put the cancer there, then, nothing and nobody are to be blamed for it.

I don't see any thing in what you say to indicate that there is any God, and I don't see why we should believe there is any God until we see some reason to do so.

We have these spirit-rappers telling us wonderful stories about spirits that they just dead sure know to exist. It don't put me on any fence. If I ever have evidence to believe what they say I will believe it, but I am not going to lose any sleep trying to believe it simply because they say so.

Same way about a God; when I see argument to believe there is a God I will believe it, whether I want to or not, but I don't propose to believe it simply because some fellow or some book tells me to believe it. Some times when I see how strangely this little paper is sustained it almost seems to me that there is a God with a big G, backing it and helping me in my work, but I don't go and get on a fence about it. I just say I want to be a good man, and if I do the best I can, and there is any God that's got any sense and fairness, I'll have some wings and golden slippers with the best of them and if there isn't any God that kind I stand just as a good show for my white ally as any of them.

I didn't scratch off the "Ky," so that nobody would be surprised at your love of whisky.

Life made lightning slipped a cog, burnt out the motor, paper ate, you didn't get your in time, thought Jim had fired you and you sent your money—wouldn't have sent it under any other circumstances.

Wait, but made some money by making a gang of dead beats pay up.

Let's get that thing straight—2500 delinquents average of four cents for postage on notices, \$100.00—6000 notices at 1 cent each \$60.00—clear him for 5000 notices \$25.00—damage from war and tear and swear on Hughes' physical constitution and doctors' bills for repairs to same \$50.00—damage to moral constitution and paying preachers for repairs \$50.00.

This does not include slumps and shrinkage on treasures laid up in heaven that could not be expressed in \$ \$ \$ & with a string of goose eggs a mile long, but, in actual hard dollars that Jim has earned by disseminating religion through the Blade. The total full dollar that you call \$40.00 is actually \$275.00. You got that thing about living until the 10th of March from the Blade and I got it from an old nigger. Don't spell whisky with key-ies. It's key; same as ky for Kentucky. Yankis spell it key, because they think it's the key to heaven, but it's the key to the other place—sub-cellar.

Better, I used to love my neighbor better than myself too, but, it was when I was a bachelor and my neighbor, about 14 miles off, was a girl that I afterwards got. It worked all right.

I know a preacher—Methodist—tani is a son-of-a-gun. His name is Tom Gunn, and that's his father's name too, but they don't know how to spell Gunn.

Your spelling does pretty well. You spell a majority of the words right, but you are a drinking man and have had spells.

Your writing is very fine and your sense excellent, but between your whisky and your profanity the devil is going to get you.

Your letter is good—any letter is good that has as much as one dollar in it.

If your letter had had \$3.15 in it, it would have been just twice as good as it is.

When you send money in letters you don't have to write so much, because the money talks.

Wilder dollars talk, because it has a volume.

A woman's name is bound to go down in history because they have got my name and picture too, in the rogues

a religious turn of mind. It carries me too far on that line. Why, I really love my neighbor better than myself, and you know that won't work in this life.

I reckon Mr. Moore has found that out. In conclusion let me say I want two of Dr. Wilson's Rome books. He is a gun of a fellow and a writer. Now, Mr. Hughes this is a friendly letter to you and not for publication. It is nothing but foolishness and badly written and awfully spelled.

If I spell a word right it is purely accidental, not on purpose. I just shoot off heads. If I hit the mark, it's all right, and if I miss the whole board it's all the same.

I like Mr. Moore. I think him a very great man, and his name will go down in history, but he has a fault that I don't admire—that of criticising a man's spelling and writing. He has a fine education and brains to take it on, but I am one of the few that are against big educations. There are lots of people ruined by too much education. I don't believe in giving a \$5 boy a \$15 education—it's the ruination of the boy.

I haven't the calliber to take an education, I reckon I was born a stick-in-the-mud. I am now too old to pull and have concluded to stick. Shakespeare says that the world is a stage and we all play our parts.

Some play tragedy, and some play comedy and I have played both.

With best wishes for the success of the Blade, and of all its writers and subscribers, I am

P. B.—Many a good writer has got an item from a fool. In fact I don't see what would become of the smart fellow, if it wasn't for the fool—he wouldn't have anything to write from. Must be a contrast in everything in life. It looks like evil is necessary, to know what good is.

Well dam it, let's quit thinking about it. I guess it will be all right in the sweet by and by. Now Mr. Hughes I don't want you to publish this. It's a personal letter to you written for the purpose of explaining what the \$156 is for. You know it is said that the wisest of men relish a little nonsense, now and then, and from Mr. Moore's writing he is one of them. From the way he writes he is one of the funny sayings that any man I ever read after.

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GEO. H. LEE, G. P. A. Little Rock, Ark.  
H. I. McGUIRE, D. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Chicago, Ill.

gally at Columbus, Ohio, but you can't make it go down these sky-busters in Lexington.

where you are, but from what I had heard of the climate "below," I supposed it was about 2500 in the shade down there.

BOLT HIT THE ALTAR

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Dear Mr. Moore If such a thing as this had happened to the building in Rome when the Infidel Congress there was in session thousands of sky-plots would have referred to it in their sermons.—A. CLARK.

Enclosed clipping is as follows: Guayaquil, Ecuador, January 12.—While a procession was entering the Catholic church at Cayambe, near Quito, a thunder storm broke and the altar was struck by lightning, setting fire to the church. A priest and eight other persons were mortally wounded. Two persons were killed by lightning during the same storm.

If the lightning had killed every man, woman, child, dog and rat in that Infidel Congress at Rome, the Pope would have issued a bull bigger than the one he issued against the comet, and bigger than a premium short-horn bull at a Kentucky fair, thanking God for knocking out of the world capoodle.

So it ain't any of our funeral when the Old Boss knocks them out. Rip em out the back, old pard, we ain't kicking about it.

Where is that Catholic editor in Philadelphia, that got off that lie about the wax figures of old Joe and Mollie and J. C., not melting when the Catholics set 'em on fire and burned 'em down? I don't care a darn if God don't melt the wax when Catholic churches burn down—beeswax is worth 15 cents a pound—just so he kills the priests that ain't worth 15 cents a dozen.

TO HEAVEN BY THE APPLE JACK ROUTE.

Rev. Darlow Sarjant, of Little-Chandeleur, while at prayers on Tuesday morning (Jan. 10) read the first fourteen verses of the fourth chapter of 1st John. On reaching the words "I go to prepare a place for you," he commented thus upon them: "When the place is ready Christ comes for us." We presume the reverend gentleman's place was read, for Christ came for him in the evening. After he went for a walk on the words "where he had an apoplectic seizure and died shortly afterwards."

25 BELOW THE GOOSE-EGG  
Center Point, Nebraska Feb. 05.  
Mr. Hughes—Enclosed find slips from Denver Post.

Pretty cold here—25 below—Good many dying who never did before. Am glad you are pepping along again.

Will give you a lift this summer, if things break even—all well, best wishes.—H. C. GORDON.

Not surprised that it is cold up